Vera et viva Effigies
Johannis Cleeveland.

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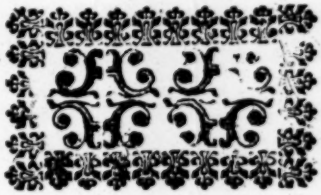
POEMS

BY

J C.

With Additions, never before Printed.



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TO THE STATE of LOVE. OR, *The Senſes Feſtivall.*

I Saw a viſion yeſter-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers ſight:*
I wiſht my ſelfe a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulſe my trembling Sphear:
It was a ſhe ſo glittering bright,
You'd think her ſoule an *Adamite.*
A perſon of ſo rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'ſame,
Beauties chiefeſt Maid of Honour;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the faire Abbeſſe of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can ſhew me ſuch a glorious prize.
And yet, becauſe 'tis more renown
To make a ſhadow ſhine, ſhe's brown;
A brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and ſtars be tan'd.
Brow by reflection, as her eye,
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th'office of a burning-glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her owne.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms,
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a compaſſe too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtraight-lac't,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd
VVith *Drake*, I compaſſe in the VVorld;
I hoop the firmament, and make
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would thy Center take my ſence,
VVhen admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſſe that ſips
The jelley'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can prais't
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy drops of ſqueezing wax;
Which whereſoever ſhe imparts,
They're Privy Seales to take up hearts.

Our

Our mouths encountring at the ſport,
My ſlippery ſoul had quit the fort,
But that ſhe ſtopt the Sally-port
Next to thoſe ſweets her lips diſpence,
As twin-conſerves of eloquence,
The ſweet perfume her breath affords;
Incorporating with her words;
No Roſary this votreſſe needs,
Her very ſyllables are beads.
No ſooner 'twixt thoſe Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
VVith what delight her ſpeech doth enter,
It is a kiſſe o'th'ſecond venter,
And I diſſolve at what I hear,
As if another *Roſomond* were
Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious bliſſe;
Two ſouls pickering in a kiſſe.
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis ſtorming that muſt take her in.
VVhen bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,
This is the game, make ſtakes my dear,
Hark how the ſprightly *Chanticlere*,
That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
Sounds *Boot-eſel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the paſſe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
VVho would not dye upon the ſpot?

FUSCARA, or the BEE Errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whose suckets are moist *Alchimie*,
The Still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yeilds,
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradise,
At my *Fuscara*'s sleeve arriv'd
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Free-booter destreins
First on the Violet of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off:
That pulse which he that feeles may know
Whether the Worlds long-liv'd or no.
The next he prayes on is her Palm,
That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd.
Here while his cant'n drone pipe scan'd
The Mystick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune-telling lives.

He

He bathes in bliſſe, and finds no ods
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods,
He pearches now upon her wriſt,
A proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare,
Which hungry Canibals would ſpare.
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation:
He *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd,
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs diviſion on the tree,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So 'tis not her the *Bee* devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th'faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm,
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the toll of all her ſpan,
Tuning his draughts with drowſie hums,
As *Danes* carowſe by kettle-drums,
It was decreed that poſie glean'd
The ſmall familiar ſhould be wean'd.
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails,

The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſignes
To finde her undiſcovered mines:
To th'*Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize,
Which when he had in vain aſſaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade,
With *Spaniſh* pike he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees ther's found,
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Or this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſome too:
But oh! what Waſp was't that could rove
Ratilias to my *Queen of Love?*
The King of *Bees* now' jealous grown,
Leſt her beame ſhould melt his throne;
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes, and ſtate of VVax
Turn'd to an Hoſpitall, the combs
Build rank and file like Beads-men rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaes* golden ſhowre,
Live-Hony all, the envious elfe
Stung her, cauſe ſweeter than himſelfe.
Sweetneſſe and ſhe are ſo ally'd.
The *Bee* committed parricide.

To JULIA to expedite her promiſe.

SInce 'tis my Doom, Lov's under-Shrieve
Why this Reprieve?
Why doth my She-Advowſon flie
Incumbency?
Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joynes.
Th'are *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th'loyns,
To play (alas!) but at Rebated Foynes.
To ſell thy ſelf doſt thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how ſoon the market failes,
Your Sex lives faſter than the males,
As if to meaſure Age's ſpan
The Sober *Julian* were th'Account of Man,
Whil'ſt You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now ſince you bear a Date ſo ſhort
Live double for't.
How can thy fortreſſe ever ſtand
If't be not man'd?
The Siege ſo gaines upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face,
Pitty thy ſelf then, if not me,
And hold not out, leſt (like *Oſtend*) tho' be
Nothing but Rubbiſh at Deliverie.

The

The Candidates of *Peter*'s chair
must plead great hair,
And uſe the Simony of a cough
To help them off;
But when I woe thus old and ſpent,
I'le wed by Will and Teſtament.
No, let us love while criſp'd and curl'd,
The greateſt honours on the aged hurl'd
Are but gay Furlowes for another world.

To morrow what thou render'ſt me
Is Legacie;
Not one of all thoſe rav'nous houres
But thee devours.
And though thou ſtill recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with ſoft Ivorie;
Though thou conſume but to renew,
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claime a Herriot due,
That's the beſt quick thing I can finde of you.

I feel thou art conſenting ripe
By that ſoft gripe.
And thoſe regealing chriſtal ſpheares
I hold thy teares,
Pledges of more diſtilling ſweets,
The Bath that uſhers in the ſheets,
Elſe pious *Julia* (Angel-wiſe)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the ſpittle-world of maladies.

THE

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the looſe wits, and let the Muſe be ſplaid.
Charge not the pariſh with the baſtard phraſe
Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias,
Of ſhrine, ſaint, ſacriledge, and ſuch as theſe
Expreſſions common as their Miſtreſſes.
Hence ye fantaſtick Poſtillers in ſong,
My text defeats your art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinſil'd Metaphors of pelf,
Illuſtrated by nothing but his ſelf.
As Spiders travell by their bowels ſpun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own eſſence muſt I firſt untwine,
Then twiſt againe each Panegyrick line.
Reach then a ſoaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacob*, ſtaff to take the height.
Suppoſe an Angel darting through the air,
Should their encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that inelligence
Should for a Sunday-ſuit thy breath condenſe

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a ſtring
In venturing higher; were the note I ſing,
Above heavens *Ela*, ſhould I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth'd *Gammut* ſound again
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth.
Nor finde an Epithite to ſet it forth.
Mettals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer ſubſtance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combind;
Ask what a ſpirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how ſweet, how fair,
Onely I ſay ſhe's not as others are:
For what perfection we to others grant,
It is her ſole perfection to want.
All other formes ſeem in reſpect of thee
The Almanacks miſhap'd Anatomy,
Where *Aries*, head and face; *Bull*, neck and throat,
The *Scorpion* gives the ſecrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as thoſe beaſts, or are
Their name-ſak'd ſignes in their ſtrange character.
As the Philoſophers to every ſence
Marry it's object, yet with ſome diſpence.
And grant them a Poligamy withall,
And theſe their common ſenſibles they call:
So is't with her, who ſtinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The ſame beam heats and lights; to ſee her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to taſte and ſmel.

For

For can you want a palate in your eyes,
When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can the eyes want noſe,
When from each cheeks buds forth a fragrant roſe?
Or can the ſight be deaf if ſhe but ſpeak,
A well tun'd face ſuch moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flaſh of lightning feel,
Which ſpares the bodies ſheath, and melts the ſteal?
Thy ſoul muſt needs confeſſe, or grant thy ſence
Corrupted with the objects excellence,
Sweet Magick, which can make five ſences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom, ſince all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliges* would prove his fixt!
Thou man of mouth, that canſt not name a She
Unleſſe all nature pay a Subſidie,
Whoſe language is a Tax, whoſe Musk-cat verſe
Voides nought but flowers from thy Muſes herſ;
Fitter than *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canſt ſtate the long diſputed Paradiſe:
And with divines hunt with ſo cold a ſcent,
Can in her boſome finde it reſident.
Now come aloft, come come and breath a vein,
And give ſome vent unto thy daring ſtrain.
Say the Aſtrologer, who ſpels the ſtars,
In that faire Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Miſtakes his Globe and in her brighter eye
Interpets heavens Phyſiognomy.
Call her the Metaphyſicks of her Sex,
And ſay ſhe torcures wits, as *Quartans* vex.

Phy-

Phyſitians: call her the *Square* circle, ſay
She is the very rule of *Algebra*:
What e're you undertake not, ſay't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, and when thou hop'ſt to raiſe
Thy fancie ſo as to incloſe her praiſe,
Alas poore *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperbolies are here but ſacriledge.
Then rouze up Muſe, what thou haſt reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but increaſe the doubt.
She that affords poor mortals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:
She that commits a rape on every ſence,
Whoſe breath can countermand a peſtilence;
She that can ſtrike the beſt invention dead,
Till baſled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, ſhe it is, ſhe that contains all bliſſe,
And makes the world but her Periphraſis.

Upon

UPON

Sir THOMAS MARTIN

Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus.

we the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee, &c. When there was no Knight but himſelfe.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Affrick* never bred, nor ſwelling *greece*
With ſtories Timpany) a beaſt ſo rare,
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, nor *Bartholmew* fare
Can match him; natures whimſey, one that out-vies
Trediskin and his arke of Novelties.
The *Gog* and *Mag-g* of prodigious ſights
With reverence to your eyes, Sir *Thomas Knights*:
But is this bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas*, and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a paire of panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in a warlike leather,
Like *Valentine* and *Orſon* bound together.
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſſe of all,
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpitall.

Paire-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen :
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
Might well have answered at the Font of *Smeck* :
But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie,
Mettall on mettall is ill Armoury.
And yet the knowne *Godfrey* of *Bullion*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
Great spirits move not by pendantick laws
There actions, though eccentrick, state the cause,
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour : *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire scarce Yeoman high,
Is *Tom* twice dipt knight of a double dye ?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betrai'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade ;
But it's no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

On the memory of Mr. Edward King *drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*

I Like not teares in tune, nor do I prize
His artificiall griefe who ſcans his eyes,
Mine weep downe pious beads, but why ſhould I
Confine them to the Muſes Roſary?
I am no Poet here; my pen's the ſpout
Where the Raine-water of mine eyes run out
In pitty of that Name, whoſe fate we ſee
Thus copied out his griefes Hydrography:
The Muſes are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon.*
The Sea's too rough for verſe; who rhimes upon't
With *Xerxes* ſtrives to feter th' *Heleſpont.*
My tears will keep no channell, know no laws
To guide the ſtreames; but (like the waves their
Run with diſturbance, til they ſwallow me (cauſe)
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpatious virtue find a grave
Within th'impoſthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſſe
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſſe,
Could not the wind to counter-maid thy death,
With the whole card of lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep,
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep!
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſſe wonder then thy ſelfe was thought.

The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee
Queen Dowager of Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy that did protend
Thy fate and predeceſſors ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find
The Sea can paralell in ſhape and kind:
Books, arts, and tongues were wanting, but in thee
Neptune hath got an Univerſity.
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, they hope to ſee
Thy ſacred reliques of mortality
Shall welcome ſtorms, and make the ſea-man prize
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize.
He ſhall embrace the waves and to the tombe
As to a Royaller Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water and fire;
Both elements our ruine do conſpire:
And that diſſolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
We of the Gown our Libraries muſt toſſe
To underſtand the greatneſſe of our loſſe,
By pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
In learning as our ſorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
Wee'l iſſu't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies,
As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Iriſh* Seas,
We floating Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

On

On the ſame.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canſt thou tell
Who 'twas, that when the waves began to ſwel,
The Ship to ſinck, ſad paſſengers to call,
[Maſter we periſh] ſlept ſecure of all?
Remember this and him that waking kept,
A minde as conſtant as he did that ſlept;
Canſt thou give credit to his zeale and love,
That went to Heaven, and to thoſe flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? ſince I heard
Who 'twas that on his knees the Veſſell ſteer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, ſince I ſee
As yet no ſinge of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I ſay he's gone
The ſelf-ſame journey in a watry one.

Vpon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together:
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticote and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtice the God of wine,
VVith water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both in ſexes thus ingroſt:
VVhen providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat:
Thus Matrimony ſpeake but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity.
For man and wife make but one right
Canonicall *Hermaphrodite*:
Revell thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind,
VVho would not think that head a pair
That dreads ſuch factions in the hair?
One halfe ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than endure ſo much,
It would my tender limbs apparrell
In *Regulus* his nailed barrell:

But

But the other halfe ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thanks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow.
When I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lie.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb containes both Sun and Moon:
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip?
'Twixt the upper bruſh of haire
And thy neither breads deſpaire?
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found:
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another;
This the Siſter that the Brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands, my eare ſtill fances
The Nuptiall ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft, and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlers pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Pöillis*.
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle the warlike ſteel.
When muſick doth thy pace advance,
The right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor is't a Gallard danc'd by one,
But a mixt daunce though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender not the heart.
Nay thoſe which modeſty can mean,
And dare not ſpeak, are Epicœne;
That Gamſter needs muſt overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Phillip* and *Mary*.

The Authors HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inſerted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes! muſt thou likewiſe be
As diſputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw leſſe than Aums ace upon two dice:
Wer't thou ſerv'd up two in one diſh, the rather
To ſplit thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds ſcales are even: what the maine
In one place gets, another quits againe.
Nature loſt one by thee, and therefore muſt
Slice one in two to make her number juſt:

Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did ſteeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe (and without more diſpute)
Who 'tis that fame doth ſuper-inſtitute.
The *Theban* Wittall, when he once deſcries,
Jove in his rivall, falles to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horns: ſee on his knees;
A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertaine their fate with complement;
And ſhall not he be proud, whome *Randolph* daigns
To quarter with his Muſe both arms and brains?
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee,
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of horns, hornes are the Poets creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To found a *Nunnery* in *Randalph*'s quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the Wormes for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſt have naturall ſons? ſay *Ogge* is't meet,
Penance bear date after the winding ſheet?
Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove being ther's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawfull iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

But was he dead? did not his ſoule tranſlate
Her ſelfe into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or breake up houſe, like an expenſive Lord,
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp,
And ſtill theirs hopes 't may prove his baſtard Imps
But I'm prophane; For grant the world had one,
With whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th' Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head.
For you my brat, that poſe the proph'ry Chair,
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoere you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For are the World is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt Fathers of the Poetry.
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this verſe is male, but mine,
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine:
Wee'le part the child, and yet commit no ſlaughter,
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter.

To the HECTORS upon the unfortunate death of H. COMPTON.

YOu Hectors! tame profeſſers of the ſword,
who in the chair ſtate duels, whoſe black word
Be-

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too
Leaves the bewich'd, when't comes to fight and do.
Who on your errand our beſt ſpirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cowes, but man and friend;
Who are an whole Court-Martial in your drink,
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly, but prate out vapour, as
You grow inſpir'd by th'oracle of the Glaſſe;
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who ſhall be beat,
Who kil'd: that you may drink and ſwear and eat:
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murders wch you teach,
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Meer booty ſouls! who bid us fight a priſe
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies?
Who ſhout, and clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
Meere providence to hear a *Compton*'s ſlain.
A name they dearly hate, & juſtly ſhould (bloud;
They lov't: twere worſe, their love would taint the
Blood always true, true as their ſwords and cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew love
From all but him who kil'd him, who ſeeks a grave,
And fears a death more ſhamefull than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the town; what do you think?
(If you be ſober) Is it valour? ſay!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your luſts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as ſoone as done.

Square Cap.

COme hither *Appollo's* bouncing girle,
And in a whole *Hipocrine* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our braines do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A Cambridg-Laſſe, *Venus*-like, borne of the froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jagg of barly broth;
She ſhe's my Miſtreſſe, her ſuiters are many,
But ſhee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere ſhe have any.

And firſt, for the Pluſh ſake, the *Monmouth-cap*
Shaking his head like an empty bottle. (comes
With his new fangled oath by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tels her that after the death of his Grannam,
He ſhall have God knowes what *per annum*:
But ſtill ſhe replyed, good Sir La bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for mee,

Then

Then Calot *Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads,
And faine would derive his pedigree of faſhion:
The *Antipodes* wear their ſhooes one their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but weel toſs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe repli'd, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a Siſter,
And making a chappell of eaſe of her lap,
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text (Sir) I'le be,
For then I'me ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Satten-cap* ſcouts about, (marry;
And faine would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry,
Hee'l purchaſe Induction by Symony,
And offers her money her incumbent to be.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-bee,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The

The one milks the pocket the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have bribed.
Come leave these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me livery and season of thee:
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Oration,
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-bee;
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a *Morning before* Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyall duty,
With wave branches do enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive and at her Generall dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Mattins: and the Fan

Of

Of whiſtling winds, like Organs plaid,
Unto their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odors riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice,
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and riſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roſes mix no civill war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers faces,
Echoes the Sun and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſtop
Packs and ſhuts up her gawdy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue, and doth diſplay;
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
Theſe Miracles had cramp't the Sun,
Who thinking that the Kingdom's won
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks,
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with lite and ſhade,
Like lattice-windowes give the ſpye
Room but to peep with half an eye.
Leaſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bids us all good-nigh in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
But what religious palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their bliſſe?

And that they might her footsteps straw
Drop their leaves with shivering awe,
Philis perceives, (and least her stay
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beames, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a *Miser* that made a great Feast, *and the next day dyed for griefe.*

NOr scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud:
And what delight she tooke in th'invitation,
Strives to cast o're again it this relation.
After the tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time;
March'd the train-band of dishes usher'd there,
To shew the postures, and then *as they were.*
For he invites no teeth, purchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a Feast, a muster, not a Fight,
Our Weapons not for service, but for sight.
But are we tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th'Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup.

What

What ever feasts be made are ſumm'd up here,
His table-vyes not ſtanding with his chear.
His Churchings, Chriſt'nings, in this meal are all,
And not tranſcrib'd, but in th'Originall.
Chriſtmas is no feaſt moveable for lo
The ſelfe-ſame dinner was ten years ago;
'Twill be immortal, if it longer ſtay,
The gods will eat it for *Ambroſia*.
But ſtay a while, unleſſe my whiniard faile,
Or is in chanted, I'le cut off th'intail.
Saint George for England then, have at the Mutton,
When the firſt cut cals me blood-thirſty glutton:
What *Ajax*, with his anger quodl'd brain
Killing a ſheep, though *Agamemnon* ſlain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roſt,
I lamentably butcher up mine hoſt:
Such ſympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
Cut a Gooſe leg, and the poore ſoul for moan
Turns cripple too, and after ſtands on one.
Have you not heard the abhominable ſport,
A *Lancaſter* Grand-Jury will report?
The ſouldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feaſt, when luſty *Will*
Whips of great Puſſes leg, which by ſome charm
Proves the next day ſuch an old womans arm:
'Tis ſo with him, whoſe carcaſe never ſcapes,
But ſtill we flaſh them in a thouſand ſhapes:
Our ſerving-men, like Spanniels range, to ſpring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyeſtes* like) on his own breed.
To porke he pleads a ſuperſtition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we ſhould have none had he his wiſh,
The Oranges i'th'margent of the diſh,
He with ſuch Hucſters tels them o're and o're,
Th'*Heſperian* Dragon never watcht them more.
But being eaten now into deſpair,
Having nought elſe to do he fals to pray'r.
As thou didſt once put on the form of bull,
And turnſt thy *Io* to a lovely Mul,
Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor beef
May live to comfort me in all this griefe.
But no *Amen* was ſaid: See, ſee it comes,
Draw boyes, let trumpets ſound, & ſtrike up drums,
See how his blood doth with the gravy ſwim,
And every trencher has a limb of him.
The Ven'ſons now in view, our hounds ſpend dee-
Strange Deer which in the paſty hath a keeper, (per
Stricter then in the Park, making his gueſt
(as he hath ſtoln't a live) to ſteal it dreſt:
The ſcent was hot, and we purſuing faſter,
Than *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac'd their Maſter.
A double prey at once may ſeize upon,
Actæon and his Caſe of Veniſon:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worſe,
Death ſerves him up now as a ſecond courſe.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
He would have liv'd onely to ſave his meat.

A Young Man to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, ſurceaſe thy ſuit;
There's no temptation in ſuch fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whil'ſt there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity.
Thy ſtock is too much out of date
For tender plants t'inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom fears,
Would be thought intreſt in his yeares.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odd money to thy Grandam ſumme.
Can Wedlock know ſo great a curſe
As putting Husbands out to Nurſe?
How *Ponds* and *Rivers* would miſtake,
And cry new Almanacks for our ſake?
Time ſure hath wheel'd about this yeare
December meeting *Janiveer*.
Th'Ægyptian Serpent fingers time,
And ſtript returns unto his prime:
If my affections thou ſhouldſt win,
Firſt caſt thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My moderne lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy ſmack;
I count that Primitive imbrace,
As out of faſhion as thy face,
And yet ſo long 'tis ſince thy fall,
Thy fornication's claſſical!.

Our ſports will differ, thou may'ſt play
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'me no tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a woman young againe:
Unleſſe you'l grant the taylors due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear cloaths that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Alder-men, or Monſter-Sheriffs,
With canvas backs and velvet ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt the Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew the cud on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dreame thy youth ſtill ſins agen,
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken and attend my vowes.
When Ætna's fires ſhall undergo
The penance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn:
When th'heavens ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sybill) *thou and I will greet.*

For

For all theſe ſimiles do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A pimp as to inflame thy bloud.
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy page,
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be 'ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. *K. T.* who askt him why *he was Dumb.*

STay, ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you heare me) dumb.
Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is th' onely way to catch their cold;

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc'd Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint.
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence:
As th'Engliſh Dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeake, that twice am checkt
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpy
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with you ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute:
For, leſt they cancel all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeale muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *E-la* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence:
Oh liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes indite:
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;

Kiſſe once againe, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My muſe ſhall write with Hand-maids duty,
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbneſſe now confines,
But meanes to ſpeake the reſt by ſignes.

A Faire Nymph ſcorning a Black Boy *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why ſhould the ſmoak purſue the fair?
Boy. My face is ſmoak, thence may be gueſt
What flames within have ſcorch'd my breſt.
Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the darke lanthorn of thy hue.
Boy. And yet this lanthorn keeps loves taper,
Surer then yours that's of white paper.
What ever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-ſhine of your light can clear.
Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipſe is 'fraid,
If thou ſhould'ſt interpoſe thy ſhade.
Boy. Yet one thing (ſweet-heart) I will aske,
Buy for me a new falſe Maske.
Nymph. Yes: but my bargain ſhall be this,
I'le throw my Maske off when I kiſſe.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces ſhall delight,
To chequer limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me gueſſe,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a preſſe;
And in our ſports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why ſhould my black thy love impare?
Let the dark ſhop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbeares,
I'le ſtrive to waſh it off with teares.
Nymph. Spare fruitleſſe teares, ſince thou muſt needs
Still wear about thee morning weeds:
Teares can no more affection win,
Than waſh the Æthiopians skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS upon *the* &c. *in the* OATH.

SIR *Roger*, from a zealous peece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whoſe yearly Audit may, by ſtrict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the common female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So ſhotten, that his ſoul like to himſelf,
Walks but in *Querpo*: this ſame Clergy Elf,
Encoun'ring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell preſently to Cudgels with the Oath;

The

The Quarrell was a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter,
&c. (God bleſſe us) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocryphaes*, the faſhion
Of a new mental Reſervation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by revelation know it better
Than all the learn'd Idolaters' oth' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his Weavers beam:
I ſay to thee &c. thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babell*, for who will not ſay
Tongues were confounded in, &c.?
Who ſwears, &c. ſwears more oaths at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous foulds:
Accurſt &c. thou, for now I ſcent
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how ca n'ſt thou to lack
This ſigne in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernall plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon diſcry it;
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a M
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*: (
Yet heer's not all, I cannot half untruſſe
&c. it's ſo abhominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd,
Unrip, &c. and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary, and which is worſe,
Th' Apparator upon his kew-bal'd horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A *York ſhire* wea-bit, longer then a mile.
Then *Roger* was inſpir'd, and by gods-diggers
Hee'l ſwear at words in large, and not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
To leave &c. in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th' eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all &c.

SMECTIMNUUS, or the CLUB DIVINES.

SM*ectimnuus*! the Goblin makes me ſtart,
I'th name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack?

Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welſh*? what skilt?
Apall the Bricklayers that *Babel* built,
Some Conjurer tranſlate, and let me know it:
Till then 'tis fit for a Weſt-ſaxon Poet.
But doe the brother-hood then play their prizes,
Like Mummers in Religion with diſguiſes?
Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if 'twere train'd would ſpread a mile;
The Saint monopoly, the zealous cluſter,
Which like a Porcupine preſents a muſter;
And ſhoots his quils at Biſhops and their ſeas,
A Devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack of all-trades hath devoutly ſhown
The twelve Apoſtles on a cherry-ſtone.
Thus faction's All-a-Mode in treaſons faſhion,
Now we have hereſie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixots* Roſary of ſlaves
Strung on a chain; a Murnivall of knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypſies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which ſit all of a ſide:
So the vaine ſatyriſts ſtand all a row;
As hollow teeth upon a lute-ſtring ſhow.
Th'*Italian* Monſter pregnant with his brother,
Natures *Diæreſis* half one another,
He, with his little ſides-man *Lazarus*,
Muſt both give way unto *Smectimnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge-Fair* is *Smecks*, for lo his ſide
Into a five-fold *Lazarus* is multipli'd.
Under each arme there's tuckt a double gyzard,
Five faces lurk under one ſingle vizard.

She

The whore of *Babilon* left theſe brats behind,
Heires of confuſion by *Gavel-kind.*
I think *Pythagoras's* ſoul is rambl'd hither,
With all the change of Raiment on together:
Smec is her generall Ward-robe, ſhe'l not dare
To think of him as of a thorough-fare;
He ſtops the Goſſiping Dame; alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempſuchoſis.*
Like a Scotch Marke, where the more modeſt ſenſe
Checks the loud phraſe, and ſhrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whoſe flame,
Though ſometimes tripartite, joynes in the ſame:
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly ſpell'd,
Into one man are monoſyllabel'd.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a ſingle penny.
See, ſee, how cloſe the curs hunt under ſheet,
As if they ſpent in Quire, and ſcann'd there feet;
On Cure and five Incumbents leap a truſs:
The title ſure muſt be litigious.
The *Saduces* would raiſe a queſtion,
Who muſt be *Smec* at the Reſurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, & ſpun out their name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Againſt the Biſhops and their ſuperſtition.
Robſon and *French* (that count from five to five,
As far as natures fingers did contrive,
She ſaw they would be ſeſſers, that's the cauſe
She cleft their hoof into ſo many claws.)

May

May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectimnuus* for Pole-mony.
Caligula, whose pride was mankinds bail,
As who disdain'd to murther by retail;
Wishing the world had but one generall neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec*
No eccho can improve the Author more,
Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.
No Fellon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welch-man was his Godfather, for he
Weares in his name his Geneology.
The banes are ask'd, would but the time give way,
Betwixt *Smectimnuus* and *Et cætera*.
The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Priest to tye the Foxes tayles together,
Mosely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether,
See, what an off-spring every on expects!
What strange pluralities of men and sects?
One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another
Is for a Synod: but upon the mother:
Faith cry Sr. *George*, let them go to't and stickle,
Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight,
Which ules to divorse might once unite,
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt,
So many cards i'th stock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwiſt the rabble;
Whip *Smec*, from Conſtable to Conſtable.
But there I leave you to another dreſſing,
Only kneel down, and take your fathers bleſſing.
May the *Queen Mother* juſtifie your fears,
And ſtretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Aſſembly.

FLea-bitten Synod; an Aſſembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame wool-pack Clergy by there ſide.
Who ask'd the banes 'twixt theſe diſcolor'd mates?
A ſtrange Groteſco this, the Church and States
Moſt divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
To ſerve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir.
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At ſight of you had borne a dappled ſon,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but ſeen you ſit, the dams
Had brought forth ſpeckled & ringſtreaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whoſe Scarlet Coat is with a Caſſock lin'd,
Like the Lay-thiefe in a Canonick weed.
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royſton* crowes, who are (as I may ſay)
Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's thicker,
A Layre of *Burgeſſe*, or a Layre of a *Vicor*.
Have they uſurp'd what Royall *Judath* had?
And now muſt *Levi* too part ſtakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Croſier are the cruches,
Which if not truſted in their pious cluches.
Will faile the cripleſtate. And wer't not pitty
But both ſhould ſerve the yardwand of the City?
That *Iſaac* might ſtroak his beard, and ſit
Judge of *ois ädo* and *Elegerit*.
Oh that they were in chalk and Charcoal drawn!
The Miſcelany ſatyr and the fawn,
And all the Adulterries of twiſted nature,
But faintly repreſent this ridling feature,
Whoſe members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellowes at their Reſurrection:
Strange ſcarlet Doctors theſe, they'l paſſe in ſtory
For ſinners halfe refin'd in Purgatory;
Or parboyl'd Lobſters, where there joyntly rules
The fading ſables, and the coming gules:
The flea that *Falſtaff* damn'd, thus lewdly ſhewes
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolph*'s Noſe,
Let him that wore the Dialogue of Cloakes,
This ſhoulder *John a-ſtiles*, that *John a-Nokes*.
Like jewes and Chriſtians in a ſhip together,
With an old Neck-verſe to diſtinguiſh either,
Like their intended Diſcipline to boot,
Or whatſoe're had neither head nor foot:
Such may their ſtript-ſtuff hangings ſeem to be,
Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece ſymony:

Be ſick and dreame a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Wolſie Veſtry men.
Forbear good *Pembrooke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing,
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.
He that the Noble *Piercies* blood inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See, they obey the Magick of my words:
Preſto, they'r gone, and now the houſe of Lords,
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,
But with three teeth like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance;
Twiſſe blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving brace
Puts on the traces and treads cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple,
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder:
Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowles is coy, good ſadneſſe cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*,
Like the full Moon hath made his Lordſhip giddy,
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T'incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth but a Goal-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelfe,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Canons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Colin-Germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe go yok'd in the ſame plough,
Reſign thy Choach-box *Twiſſe*, *Brock's* Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity,
Water and earth make but one globe, a round-head
I Clergy-lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes:
Which who but ſees, blaſphemes thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink,
And hold it there allegiance now to wink.
Oh for a ſtate-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelfe hath don't.

His muſled feature ſpeakes him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royall ſtamp.
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blacks were of too taint a die,
Without the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Æ gyptian for his Caſſock skin,
Sp n of his Countries darkneſſe, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod ſable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſadder mould:
This Privy Chamber of thy ſhape would be
B t the cloſe mourner of thy Royalty:
I will break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell
Heaven, which the Minſter of thy perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courſer doome,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon room:
Or like the Colledge by the changling rabble,
Manchesters Elves transform'd into a ſtable.
O if there be a prophanation higher,
S ich is the ſacriledge of thine attire,
By which th'art half depos'd, thou l okſt like one
Whoſe looks are under ſequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shews like the ſelf-denyall Ordinance.

Angell

Angell of light, and darkneſſe too I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick-twilight in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different mint,
A Pſalme of mercy in a miſcreant print.
The Sun wears midnight, day is beetle-brow'd,
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud:
Oh the accurſt Stenography of Fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charme, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinkes his rayes to this Apoſtaſie?
It is no ſubtile film of tiffany air,
No cob-web-vizard, ſuch as Ladies weare,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Mettall, and three pil'd darkneſſe, like the ſlough
Of an impriſon'd flame 'tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick-caſtle*-Vote
Rang *Brittains* cur feu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not Legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick,
Sure they would fit the body Politique.
Falſe Beard enough to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot:
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King be there.

A Libel is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth;
Scribling aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the blatant beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfleg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would ſell a wind
Waſting to hell, bag up thy phraſe and bind
It to the baque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the find.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor fink thy Skuller with a man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, & this ſlandering ſuit,
But doth alike in picture execute.
But ſince we're all call'd Papiſts, why not dear
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate?
As Temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphinxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraitures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clark of this cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark miſterious dreſs
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in Parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in its duſky types.
Such a Text royall, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupilage;

You

You that damn more then ever *Samſon* ſlew,
And with his engine the ſame jaw-bone two:
How is't he ſcapes your inquiſition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim jewels with your Briſtol-ſence:
And Characters, like Witches ſo torment,
Till they confeſſe a guilt though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St. *Peters* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whoſe aſpect would be nigh
C itick ſpectators with redundant ligh'.
A Prince moſt ſeen, is leaſt: what Striptures call
The Revelation, is moſt myſticall.
Mount then thou ſhadow royall, and with haſt
Advance thy morning ſtar, *Charl*'s overcaſt.
May thy ſtrange journey contradictions twiſt,
And force faire weather from a Scottiſh miſt:
Heaven's Confeſſors are pos'd, thoſe ſtar-ey'd ſages
To interpret Eclipſe, thus riding ſtages.
Thus *Iſrael*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him and a ſhroud.
But oh he goes to *Gibeon* and renewes
A league with mouldy bread, and clouted ſhooes.

The Rebell Scot.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottiſh crew!
Then Madam nature wears black paches too?

What ſhall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto the Land that truckles under us
Ring the bels backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a County Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet ſhould be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appeaſe
To ſee his County ſick of *Pym's* diſeaſe
By Scotch invaſion to be made a prey
To ſuch *Pigwiggin Myrmidons* as they?
But that there's charm in verſe, I would not quote
The name of *Scot* without an antidote;
Unleſſe my head were red that I might brew
Invention there that might be poyſon too.
Were I a Drowſie Judge, whoſe diſmall note
Diſcorgeth halters as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick tone)
Speak Pils in phraſe, and quack deſtruction:
Or roar like *Marſhall* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and damnation a Pulpet fall:
Yet to expreſſe a *Scot* to play the prize,
Not all thoſe mouth-Grannadoes can ſuffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curſt,
I muſt like *Hocus* ſwallow daggers firſt.
Come keen *Iambicks* with your badgers feet,
And badger-like, bite till your feet do meet
Help ye tart Satyriſts to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that ſhould whip this age,
Scots are like Witches; do but whet your pen,
Scratch til the blood come, they'l not hurt you then

Now

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bate my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes,
A *Scot* within a Beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmleſſe Nation
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* plantation;
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again,
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhown
(Within the great of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Ponther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wilde Collegiates had coſt:
The honeſt high-ſhooes in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelfe doth Scotch-men beaſts confeſſe,
Making there Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe:
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charls* came thence.
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins and chriſt'ned halfe the Land;
Nor is it all the nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a Picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on his ſide, and on that ſide ſaint:
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam,
Scar'd from his ſins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelite.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt intent,
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his *doom*,
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jews they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devill had Ubiquity.
Hence tis they live as Rovers, and defie
This or that place, rags of Geography.
They're Citizens o'th'world; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhurg,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug;
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard,
(The Card by which the Marriners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *Scots Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
Their *Eſtrich ſtomacks* make their *ſwords* their *meat*;
Nature with *Scots*, as tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent's fatall ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North poſture of the patient ſeize
Like Leeches, thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our blood, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
T purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the Head,
Call them good Subjects, by them Ginger-bread.
Not Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*, a Prince that would reclaim.

Rebels

Rebels by yeilding, doth like him, (or worſe)
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoul,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Ægypts* ſpoil?
They are the Goſpel Life-guard, but for them
The Gariſon of new *Jeruſalem*:
What would the brethren do? the cauſe! the cauſe!
Sack poſſets and the Fundamental Lawes!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat converts!
They wanted food, and rayment; ſo they took
Religion for the Semſtreſſe, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; there honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,
A Laird & twenty pounds pronounc'd with noiſe,
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then you proud Impoſters get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You ſcandal to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hiperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtrachiſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian that heaven did foreſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between:
My Muſe hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick there bones.

Tha

That diſh is his; for when the *Scots* deceaſe,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got looſe,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Gooſe.

The Scots Apoſtaſie.

IS't come to this? what ſhall the Cheeks of fame,
Stretch with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name
Be flag'd againe? and that great piece of ſence,
As rich in Loyalty, and eloquence,
Brought to the Teſt, be found a trick of State
Like Chymiſts tinctures prov'd adulterate?
The Devill ſure ſuch language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-forewarned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impoſture found out to beſot
Th'experienc'd *Engliſh*, to believe a *Scot*:
Who reconcil'd the covenants doubtfull ſence?
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt perſiſtance in one good
Would ſpoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected firſt in ſuch a forge of ſinne,
Was fit for the grand divels hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the ſins you act?
The infamy this ſuper-treaſon brings
Blaſts more than murder of your *ſixty Kings*,
A crime ſo black as being adviſ'dly done,
Thoſe hold with this no competition.

Kings

Kings onely ſuffer'd then, in this doth lie
Th'Aſſaſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t'atempt depoſing of your God.
Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
Till you were ſhrivel'd to duſt; and your cold land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, till heaven plague you worſe,
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your power hath bauded, ceaſe to count you frieds,
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors* though they hug the *Treaſon*.
And may their jealouſies increaſe and breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*:
In forrain Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by generall hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg whore none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a general Hoſpital.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle Ray,
To give you comfort of a ſummers day;
But, as guerdon of your traiterous war,
Live cheriſh'd only by the northern ſtar,
No Stranger deign to viſit your rude coaſt,
And be to all but baniſht men, as loſt.

And

And ſuch in heightning the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes ſend them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be where not the law,
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongſt you keep a quiet breſt,
But each man ſtrive through blood to be the beſt;
Till, for thoſe miſeries on us you've brought.
By your own ſword our juſt revenge be wrought.
To ſum up all let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocriſie:
Untill when *Charls* ſhall be compos'd in duſt,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *juſt*;
H E ſav'd, incenſed heaven may have forgot
T'afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
Unleſſe that *Scot* deny himſelfe, and do
(Whats eaſier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertiſmus.

O That I could but vote my ſelfe a Poet!
Or had the Legiſtative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventurers Verſer Banneret!
O had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes and track the times:
Faces about, ſayes the *Remonſtrant* ſpirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treaſon Merit:
Huntington clot, that pos'd the ſage Recorder
Might be a ſturgion now, and paſſe by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elſings* gift (that ſplay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another;
Could I but write a ſquint; then (Sir) long ſince
You had been ſung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had obſerv'd the language of the dayes;
Blaſphem'd you, and then perewig'd the phraſe
With humble ſervice, and ſuch other Fuſtian,
Bels which ring backward in this great combuſti-
I had revil'd you, and without offence, (on.
The Litterall, and *Equitable Sence.*
Would make it good: when all fails that will do't
Sure that diſtinction cleft the Devils foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highmeſſe
To read me but with Hebrew ſpectacles; (pleaſe
Interpret Counter, what is croſſe rehears'd:
Libels are commendations when revers'd.
Juſt as an Optique glaſſe contracts the ſight
At one end, but when turn'd doth multyply't.
But you'r in chanted, Sir, your doubly free
From the great guns and ſquibbing Poetry:
Who neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainſt th' artillery of Verſes.
Strange! that the Muſes cannot wound your Mail;
If not their art, yet let their ſex prevail.
At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Beſſes*
Supply'd the bow-ſtrings with their twiſted treſſes
Your ſpels could ne're have fenc'd you, evry arrow
Had lanc'd your noble breaſt, & drunk the marrow:
For beauty like white powder makes no noiſe;
And yet the ſilent hypocrite deſtroyes,

Then

Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pitty,
Leſt *Wharton* tels his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids and ſuch
Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
Impotent *Eſſex* is not a ſhame,
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian? may ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles* rather than ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a green-ſickneſſe Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
Give no more reliſh to thy female palat,
Than to that Aſſe did oncet het hiſtle ſallat:
Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
Thou and thy Siſters like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert*! one
Whoſe name is wits Superfætation.
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Phyloſophy controules,
That voted down plurality of ſoules,
He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
The wonders of their age conſtellate here.
And as the elder ſiſters growth and ſence
(Souls paramount themſelves) in man commence
But faculty of reaſons Queen, no more
Are they to him, who were compleat before;
Ingredients of his vertue thread the beads
Of *Cæſars* acts, great *Pompeys*, and the ſweads:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vaſt triumvirat is ſpan'd.

Here,

Here, here is Palmeſtry; here you may read
How long the world ſhall live, & when't ſhall bleed.
What ever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
For nature raiz'd him up of the *Publique Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whoſe ſtore,
The Gods were fain to run upon the ſcore.
Such was the Painters Briefe for *Venus* face;
Item an eye for *Jane*, a lip for *Grace*:
Let *Iſaac* and his Cit'z flea of the place
That tips their Antlets for the calf of Stace;
Let the zeal twanging noſe that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his ſilver bridge:
Yes and the goſſips ſpoon augment the ſum,
Although poor *Galeb* loſe his Chriſtendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his ſterling ſelf,
Which their ſelf-wants paies in commuting pelf.
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
Gains, when made bankrup in the ſcales with you.
As he whom in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods ſhaddow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipſe ſo glorious, light is dim,
And a black nothing when compar'd to him:
So 'tis illuſtrious to be *Ruperts* foile,
And a juſt trophee to be maid his ſpoil:
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* ſleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
The Conqueſt which the Common-Councel hears
With their wide liſt'ning mouth from the great (Peers
That ran away in triumph: ſuch a foe
Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage is poiz'd with circumſpection,
That he revives the quarrell once again
Of the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain:
And leaves it a drawe match: whoſe fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet like, the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the ſoule riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
'Twas the mount *Arbos* carv'd in ſhape of man
(As 'twas deſign'd by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain,
The left ſhould be a channell to the Main:
His ſpirit might inform th'amphibious figure,
Yet ſtrait lac'd ſweats for a Dominion bigger:
The terror of whoſe name can out of ſeven
(Like *Falſtaffe's* Buckram-men) may fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking: Vipers thus
By being ſlain, are made more numerous.
No wonder thy'l confeſſe no loſſe of men,
For *Rupert* knocks'em till they gig agen.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four-leg'd *Cavalier*:
He that devours the ſcraps that *Lunsford* makes,
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:
Who name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom they have ſeveral Articles in ſouſe:
Firſt that he barks againſt the ſenſe o'th Houſe.
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the tower ſtraight,
Either to th'Lions, or the Biſhops Gate:

Next

Next for his ceremonious wag o'th tail,
But there the ſiſterhood will be his bail,
At leſt the Counteſſe will, *Luſt*'s *Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religious of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmels intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, than *Pim*'s from his own Letter:
Who's doubly paid (fortune or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
Laſtly, he is a Devill without doubt;
For when he would lye down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring (ter
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch O quarter, quar-
I'me but an inſtrument, a meer S. *Arthur*,
If I muſt hang, O Let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprive, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuit, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devill, as the Rebell feares,
I ſee the houſe would try me by my Peer's.
There *Fowler*, there! ah *Fowler*! 'ſt 'tis nought,
What are the accuſers cry, they're at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. *Peters* ſhadow heal'd; *Rupert* is ſuch,
'Twould find S. *Peters* work, yet wound as much:
He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Canons do but liſp and complement,

Sure *Jove* decended in a leaden ſhower
To get his *Perſeus*: hence the fatall power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullers thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confeſſe,
Thou art the greater world and that the leſſe,
Scatter th'accumulative King untruſſe
That five-fold find, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe (and a modeſt word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming ſword.
Your name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better than the Bears.
Old *Sybill* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurſe*
Makes you ſtill children; and pond'rous curſe
The clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now* Rupert *take thee, Rogue, how doſt thou doe?*)
In fine the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earle of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wiſe valiant duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treaſon and convenience.

He

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calvaniſt*.
His Prince's neareſt joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreams, lov'd and abhor'd.
Riddles lies here, and in a word,
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comiris *Straffordij*, &c.

Exurge Cinis, tuumq; ſolus, qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium:
Nuqueit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vetcinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem capiſti comprehendere,
Morte & Exprimere,
Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis Elogium.
Atlas *Regionis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus,*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, *& Virtutum comes:*
Mens Jovis, *Mercurii ingenium, & lingua* Appollinis:
Cur Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ipſam* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicundâ veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextroque oculo flevit,
Lævoque lætata eſt Anglia:
Theatrum Honorus, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ ternis animoſa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) caput
Belluæ (vel ſic) multorum capitum:
Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias:
Erubuit ut tetigit ecuris,
Similem quippe nunquam deguſtavit ſanguinem:
Monſtrum narro: fuit tam infenſus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem quàm nata foret, violavit:
Hunc tamen non ſuſtulit Lex,
Verum neceſſitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætra memorabunt poſteri,

On the Arch-Biſhop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muſe to give my paſſion vent,
He brews his tears that ſtudies to lament.
Verſe chimichally weeps, that pious rain
Diſtill'd with art, is but the ſweat o'th brain.
Who ever ſobb'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by ſoft diviſion?
'Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
Not *Buſhels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-workes hee'l turne his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the ſphears.
But when he mourns at diſtance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publique, we may call
It *Brittains* Veſpers, *Englands* Funeral.
Who hath a penſill to expreſſe the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, waſhing off the paint?

There

There is no learning but what tears ſurround,
Like to *Sethʃ* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhe's increaſt to none:
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
Firſt ſwels into a bubble, then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgie* whoſe doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a comment upon him the Text.
There's nothing lives: life is, ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus you have ſeen deaths invitory read
In the Sum total——*Canterburie*'s dead.
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelfe a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours,
(That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours)
Tears that flow blackiſh from their ſouls within,
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreams
Shines in his ſhowers as if he wept his beames.
How could ſucceſſe thus villanies applaud?
The ſtate in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
For treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecie.
The facts were done before the Laws were made,
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

Be dull great ſpirits and forbear to climbe,
For worth is ſin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* ſteeple ſtand awry.

On *I. W.* A. B of *York*.

SAY, my young Sophiſter, what think'ſt of this?
Chimera's reall, *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Gooſe agree,
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruſpex* quickly; let him get
Sulpher and Torches, and a Lawrell wet
To purifie the place, for ſure the harms
This Monſter will produce, tranſcend his charms.
'Tis Natures Maſter-piece of error, this;
And redeems what ever ſhe did amiſſe
Before, from wonder and reproach, this laſt
Legitimateth all her by-blows paſt.
Lo here a generall Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbiterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Epiſcopo-Maſtix* Grace;
A fair blew-Aprond Prieſt, a lawn-ſleev'd brother,
One Leg a Pulpet holds, a tub the other.
Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apoſtate once more Chriſtian,
Proclus we cannot call him; he put on
His change of ſhapes by a ſucceſſion;

Nor

Nor the *Welſh weather-cock*: for that we find,
At once doth onely wate upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not, but if you'l name him right,
Call him *Religions Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks the abhominable Miter faſt;
He ſtill retains the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*,
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying alters down to ſacrifice
To private malice; where you might have ſeen
His Conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare,
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore;
Alas! thine owne ſon proves the forreſt-boar:
And like the Dam-deſtroying Cuccow he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welſh pedigree,
By the warm foſt'ring bounty did divide
And open, ſtraight thence ſprung forth parricide:
As if 'twas juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th'Monſter which thy ſelf had'ſt hatcht:
Deſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an antidote,
'Gainſt the foul'ſt venome he can ſpit, though's head
Were chang'd from ſubtile gray to poys'nous red.
Heaven with propitious eyes look upon
Our party, now the curſed thing is gone;
And chaſtiſe Rebels, who nought elſe did miſſe
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;

Whose foule imparalel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character shall be.
Indelible, when ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
A period to his dayes, and time shall give,
He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid,*
Who Gods anointed, *and his* Church *betrai'd.*

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers.
And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence feare of surfeiting made me retire:

Next

Next on her warmer, which when I taſted,
My duller ſpirits made me active as fire;
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that knew no ſmart:
Sweet lips and ſmiles between.
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glaſſe to plate her amber treſſes,
Which like a braceletrich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* weares when as ſhee graces
Jove with imbraces more ſtately than warm,
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eyes humor Chriſtalline;
I in her eyes was ſeen
As if we one had been,
Never Mark, &c.

Myſticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulſes the phyſick of love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Muſicall dances:
Numbring of Kiſſes Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Aſtronomy,
Straight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are ſharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

The Authors Mock-Song to MARK ANTHONY.

WHen as the *Night-raven* ſung *Pluto's Mattins*:
And *Cerberus* cryed three Amens at a houl,
When night-wandring witches put on their pattins
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul:
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a miſhapen Groom
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Queen.

Firſt on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſted
Thence feare of vomiting made me retire!
Unto her blewer lips which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller then Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I Mean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Queen.

Like ſnakes ingendring were platted her treſſes,
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;

Ugli-

Uglier then Envy wears, when ſhe confeſſes
Her head is periwig'd with Adders tail.
But as ſoon as ſhe ſpake,
I heard a harſh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my miſtake,
Her head is Epicœne.
Never did &c.

Myſticall Magick of conjuring wrinckles,
Feeling of pulſes, The Palmſtrey of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick* twincles
With three teeth in her head like three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes,
And her noſe weather-wiſe,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Froſt, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Curranto* news I undertake,
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make,
No *New England* voyage my Muſe does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet ſend,
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty
I'le tell you ſome news as true and as witty.
And how the Commencement grows new.

See

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw a way fourty pound;
They'l now in their wives ſtammel petticotes va-
Without any need of an argument draper, (per,
Beholding to none, he neither beſeeches,
This friend for ven'ſon, nor tother for ſpeeches.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees who never had ſteeple,
Whoſe means like degrees comes from places of
They come to the fair, & at the firſt pluck, (people
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes'um good luck.
And ſo, &c.

The Countrey Parſons they do not come up
On Tueſday night in the old Colledge to ſup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;
How bravely the *Margret* Profeſſor diſputed,
The Homilies urg'd, and the ſchool-men confuted,
And ſo, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogorum gown
With like admiration to eat roſted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:
Who, ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound,
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round.
And ſo, &c.

The Gentleman comes not to ſhew us his ſatin (tin,
To look with ſome judgment at him that ſpeaks lat-
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,
To anſwer O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths,
And at the next Bear-baiting, full (of his ſack)
To tell his Comrades our diſcipline's ſlack.
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
Beſides no ſerious Oxford men comes,
To cry down the uſe of jeſting and hums.
Our ballad, believ't, is no ſtranger than true,
Mum Salter is ſober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Cry after Sir JOHN PRESBYTER.

WITH hair in Characters, and lugs in text,
With a ſplay mouth, and a noſe circumflect:
With a ſet ruff of Musket bore, that wears
Like Cartrages or linnen bandileers,
Exhauſted of their ſulphurous contents:
In Pulpet fire-workes, Which that bomball vents,
The *Negative* and *covenanting* Oath,
Like two Muſtachoes, iſſuing from his mouth;

The

The buſh upon his chin (like a carv'd ſtory,
In a box knot(cut by the *Directory*;
Madams confeſſion hanging at his ear, (*Where*
White-drawn through all the queſtions, *How* and
Each circumſtance ſo in the hearing felt,
That when his ears are cropt he'l count them gelt;
The weeping Caſſock ſcar'd into a Jump,
A ſigne the *Prisbyter's* worn to the ſtump:
The *Presbiter*, though charm'd againſt miſchance,
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that do thus attire'em,
Stay them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* ſeize,
That tare the *Rotchet* to ſuch rags as theſe?
Epiſcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath ſent us *Runts* even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interling *Clergy*, a divice
That's nick-name to the ſtuff call'd *Lops* and *Lice*.
The beaſt at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-ſteps in his cloven face.
A face of ſeverall Pariſhes and ſorts,
Like to a Sergant ſhav'd at In's of Court.
What mean the Elders elſe, thoſe Kirk Dragoons,
Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducations?*
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun?
Thoſe new *Exchange-men* of *Religion?*
Sure they're the *Antick heads* which plac'd without
The Church, do gape and diſembogue a ſpout:
Like them above the *Commons houſe* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then,

Then, what Imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This ſtating Prelacy, the claſſick rout,
That ſpake it often, e're it ſpake it out;
So by an Abbies Scheleton of late,
I heard an Echo ſupererrogate.
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the Hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall:
Each at the Ordinance for to aſſiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* great-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dagon Synod *with thy motley ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove like Embaſſie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and defie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For when Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all trades joynes,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelates *Loyns.*

The Antipltaonick.

FOr ſhame thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt.

Unleſſe

Unleſſe your flame confeſſe it's gender,
And your parley cauſe ſurrender,
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a Dame of ſtone
The Widdow of *Pigmalion*;
As hard and unrelenting ſhe,
As the new-cruſted *Niobe*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry,
A Nun of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a feather-bead.

For ſhame you pretty female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more you ſectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart,
Loves votaries inthral each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertues no more in Woman-kind
But the green ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite.
There's no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all convincing love aſſails;

But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilfull gamsters are to seek at sharp.

The Souldier that man of Iron,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, instead of Veins,
In whose embraces you'r in chaines,
Let a magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiraseer.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillary then checks
The breast-works of the firmest sex,
Come lets in affections riot;
Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunucht with formality:
Like an Enbassador thats beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between.

An *Elegie* upon Dr. *Chaderton*, the first Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above a hundred years old when he dyed.

Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERALL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late,
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of verse,
And teares, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise
And o'pe the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead custome for to hear:
Upon thy head that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou ere young! for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
There's none a live I'm sure can say
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroak?

Tell

Tell me (dear ſon) why didſt thou dye,
And leav's to write an Elegy?
We're yonng (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abram* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell:
The world thy worth: they kend thee well:
When they were boyes they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.
Awake them then, and let them come,
And ſcore thy vertues on thy tomb,
That we at thoſe may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

MARIES SPIKE-NARD.

SHall I preſume
Without *Perfume*
My *Chriſt* to meet
That is *all ſweet*?

No, I'le make moſt pleaſant poſies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roſes*;
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *faireſt Bowers*,
Whoſe *ſweetneſſe* Heaven likes ſo well,
It *ſtoops* each morn to take a ſmell
Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* neſt
The *richeſt Spices* and the *beſt*,

Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Mirrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *costly Spikenard*, in whose smell
The *sweetnesse* of *all Odours dwell*.
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alabaster skin*,
And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly
Before *one pickly minute dye*:
This *box* I'le *break* and on *his head*
This precious Ointment will I spread,
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry haire
For sweetnesse with his breath compare:
But sure the odoure of his skin
Smels sweeter than the spice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kisse them dry;
Or for a Towell he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet take hold,
And curle themselves about, as though
They were loath to let thee go,
Oh chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRO-

CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis tricesimo die Januarij, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *An. Dom.* MDC XLVIII.

Ter Deno Ianl Labens REX SOLE CADENTE
CAroLUs eXUtUs SoLlo SCeptoqUe SeCUre.

CHARLES----ah forbeare, forbeare! least Mortals prize
His name too dearly; Idolatrize.
His name! Our losse! Thrice cursed and forlorn
Be that black Night, which usher'd in this Morn,

CHARLES our dread Soveraigne! ---hold! least Out-law'd Sense
Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
With those Cœlestiall powers; and distrust
Heav'n can behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd tremble! and
View what Convulsions shoulder-shake this Land,
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdomes run
To their last stage and set with him their Sun.

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd at his Gate!
Fell Fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck't-State!

Strange Body-Politick! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like swell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Brittain! He! who was the known
King of three Realms, lie's murther'd in his Own.
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his Blood.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump shall Echo all
The rest in dreadfull Thunder Such a Fall
Great Christendome ne're pattern'd; and 'twas strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismall Change.

The blow struck Brittain blind, each wel-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM.
And though she yet live's, She live's but to condole
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soule.

RELIGION put's on Black, sad LOYALTY
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassinates; nay both
'Gainst GOD, 'gainst LAW, ALLEGIANCE, and their OATH.

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatal Glory
Is Summ'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this story.

AN

AN ELEGIE

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publikely by His Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by ſacred blood
It might be *drownd* in this prodigious flood;
Which reaſons higheſt ground doth ſo exceed,
It leaves my *ſoule* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* reſteth on th'*Original*,
Supports it ſelfe in this the *Copies* fall;
So while my Faith floats on that *bloody wood*,
My reaſon's caſt away in this *Red flood*,
Which ne're o're flowes us all: Thoſe ſhowers paſt
Made but Land-floods, which did ſome vallies waſt;
This ſtroke hath cut the only neck of land,
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did ſtand,
That covers now our world which curſed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* prodigies;
O're-caſt with darkneſſe, and with blood o're-run,
And juſtly, ſince our hearts have theirs out-done;
Th'inchanter led them to leſſe known ill,
To act his ſin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light:
No wonder then if all good eyes look red,
Waſhing their Loyal hearts from blood ſo ſhed;

The which deſerves, each pore ſhould turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*:
Let nought then paſſe for *Muſick*, but ſad cries;
For *Beauty* bloodleſſe cheeks, and blood-ſhot eyes.
All coloures ſoil but black, all odours have
Ill ſcent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the Judaicall impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:
But the truth is, he fear'd and did repine,
To be caſt out, and back into the Swine:
And the caſe holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, againſt his ends:
For it is like, the ſooner hee'l be ſent
Out of that body, He would ſtill torment:
Let *Chriſtians* then uſe otherwiſe this blood,
Deteſt the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of Death* He dies;
We eaſily may the World and Death diſpiſe:
Death had no ſting for him, and its ſharp arm,
Onely of all the troop, meant him no harm.
And ſo he look'd upon the *Ax*, as one
Weapon yet left, to guard him to his Throne;
In His great Name, then they his Subjects cry,
Death thou art ſwallowed up in Victory;
If this our loſſe a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrow *Crown* is grown unfit

For

For his enlarged Head, ſince this diſtreſſe
Had greatned this, as it made that the leſſe;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become ſo great a *King*:
So the ſame hands enthron'd in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
And thus God's truth by them hath rendred more,
Than ere mens fals-hood promis'd to reſtore;
Which, ſince by death, alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weakneſſe, and from pain;
Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make his paſſage quick ne're move his heart;
Which ev'n expiring, was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through the cloud
Of fleſh and blood; and from the higheſt line
Of humane vertue paſs'd to be divine:
Nor is't much leſſe his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſſe all Acts but of belief,
Silence may prai'e the one, the other grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſſe
Than Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſſe,
I'le onely wiſh that for his Eligie,
This our *Joſias* had a *Jeremie*.

AN

AN ELEGIE

On { *The best of Men,* / *The meekest of Martyrs,* / CHARLES *the* I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light? and day
Like a thin exhaltation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in clouds to be
Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie
Of this great Monarch? does, his Royal Blood,
Which th'Earth late drunke in so profuse a Flood,
Not shoot through her affrighted womb, and make
And her convulsed Arteries to shake
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from his liquid Mansion,
And still it into vap'rous Clouds; which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be
The tapers at this black solemnitie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse nurst:
Fed by some plauge, which in blind mists was hurld
To strew infection on the tainted World.
What fury charm'd your hands to act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.

Say

Say ſons of Tumult, ſince you thought it good,
Still to keep up the Trade and bath in blood
Your guilty hands why did you then not State
Your ſlaughters at ſome cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and lawiſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off Thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that entered their clay,
In the ſame Urne their names too might entomb,
But when on him you fixt your fatal Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, ſince even all
The ſtock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion with you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſſe your black deſignes to ſhade
Teach you, that we come neareſt Heaven when we
Are ſuppled into acts of Clemency?
And copy out the Deity agen,
When we diſtill our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Onely ſhook off his frail Humanity,
And with ſuch calmneſſe fell, he ſeem'd to be
Even leſſe unmov'd and unconcer'd than we.
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We only died, He only liv'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne become
T'inveſt him with the Crown of martyrdome:
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhroud
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

Upon

Upon the death of *CHARLES* the First.

GReat! Good! and Juſt! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigged fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd blood demands ſup-
More from *Briareus* hands, han *Argus* eyes, (plies,
I'le ſing thy Obſequies, with Trumpet ſounds,
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his Sword.

The Character of a London-Diurnall.

A Diurnall is a punie Chronicle, ſcarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time. It is an Hiſtory in ſippets, the Engliſh Iliads in a nut-ſhel, the Apo riphal Parliaments book of Maccabees in ſingle ſheets; It would tire a welſh Pedigree, to reckon up how many aps 'tis removed from an Annall: For it is of that Extract; only of the younger houſe, like a Shrimp to a Lobſter. The original ſinner in this kind was Dutch, *Gallobelgicus* the Protoplaſt; & the modren Mercuries, but Hans on Kelders. The Conteſſe of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the Legiſlative Lady is of that lineage, ſo ſhe ſpawns the Diurnals, & they at *Weſtminſter* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. in the Front ſpiece of the old Beldam diurnal, like the Contents of the Chapter ſiteth the Houſe of Commons. Judging the twelve tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them the *Kingdams* Anatomy before the weekly Kalender; For ſuch is a Diurnall, the day of the Moneth with

what

what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is taken for the pulſe of the *Body politick*, & the *Empirick Divines* of the *aſſembly* thoſe *ſpiritual Dragoomers*, thomb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *ſynopſis*: and thoſe grave *Robbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger *Authors*. The *Country carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miſcals it the *urinal*: yet properly enough, for it caſts the water of the ſtate, ever ſince it ſtal'd blood. It differs from an *aulicus*, as the *devil* & his *exorciſt*; or as a *black witch* doth *ſtō* a *white* one, whoſe *office* is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins uſually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law ſtill-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall aſſent*: 'Tis one of the Parliaments *by-blows* (Acts being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than a *Spaniſh Ginnet*, that is begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the iſſue only of the Mother, without the concourſe of Royall Jupiter. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamenta's*; like the old *Sexton*, who ſwore his *clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* ſay to the contrary.

The next Ingredients of a Diurnall is plots, horrible plots, which with wonderfull ſagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their cauſes, before Materia perma can put on her ſmock. How many ſuch fits of the Mother have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir Walter Earl looks like a Man Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as of a *cuſhion*, But Actors muſt have their Properties; and ſince the Stages were voted down, the onely Play-houſe is at *weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their plots are the Informers, Skippers, & Taylors, Spaniels both for the land and water: *Good conſcionable Intelligence!* For however *Pims* bill may inflame the reckoning, the honeſt vermin have not ſo much for lying as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a zealous Barber in More-fields, while he was contriving ſome Querpo-cut of Church Government, by the help of his out-lying ears, and the *Otathouſticon* of the Spirit, diſcovered ſuch a plot, that Selden intends to combate *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a Taylors *Gooſe* that preſerved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my Lord of Canterbury is not once more all to-betrayter'd for dealing with the *Lyons* to ſettle the *commiſſion of* Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Arickles dormant, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *beaſts* of

the

the *prerogative*, and changing their *profaner names* of *Hu* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a Corn-cutter, being to give little *Isaac a cast of his office*, should fall to paring his Brows, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both. This would be a plot, & the next Diurnal would furnish you with this scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the question, that this act of the corn-cutter was an absolute invasion of the Cities Charter, in the representative fore-head of *Isaac*.

Resolved that the evil Councellours about the Corn-cutter are popishly affected, and enemies to the State.

Resolved that there be a publick thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaacs Brow-antlers*: and a solemn Covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter and all his works.

Thus the *Quixiots* of this age, fight with the Windmils of their own heads, quell Monsters of their own creation, make plots and then discover them: as who fitter to unkennel the Fox, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their Adventurers, the Round-heads Legend, the Rebels Romance, stories of a larger size than the ears of their Sect, able to strangle the belief of a *Soli fidian*.

I'le present them in their order: & first as a *whisster*, before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trode the stage with the first, traverst his ground, make a leg & *Exit*. The *Countrey people* took him for one that by *Order* of the *houses*, was to dance a *Morice* through the *west of England*. Well, he is a nimble *Gentleman*, set him upon *Banks* his horse in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaur shews better tricks.

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his equipage into, Monumentall Ginger-bread; but it was crossed by the Female committee, alledging, that the valour of his Image would bite their children by their tongues.

This Cubit and half a Commander, by the help of a Diurnall routed his enemies fifty mile off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the Weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the

Prodigy

Prodigie of Valour, *Madam Alrop* s in breeches, *Waller's* Knight errantry: and because every Mountebank must have his *Zany*, throw him *Hazlerig* to set off the story, these two like Bel & the Dragon, are alwaies worshiped in the same Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalms, with another to the same, one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the Saints bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Manslayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch-Headsman, that he would do his office with so much ease & dexterity, that the head after execution should stand upon the shoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer to the place. For as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the Diurnall hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untouch't.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the Conquerour: This is the Cities Champion, and the Diurnalls delight, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he walkes with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Eccleses himselfe is not charg'd there. Yet in all this triumph there is a whip and a Bel, translate but the Scene to *Rown-way Down*, There *Hazlerig's* Lobsters were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the Diurnall is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an Hosanna to *Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the old Testament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muster-Master uses no other List than the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when *themselves* entertain such an army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwell* is never so valarous, as when he is making *speeches*

for

for the association; which nevertheleſſe he doth ſomewhat ominouſly with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* pidgeon to come & promt him. He ſhould be a bird of prey too, by his bloody beak. his Noſe is able to try a young eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that gliſters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them is naturall to him, to kil without blood-ſhed: for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church window, when a Looking-glaſſe would ſhew him more Superſtition. He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defac'd God in his own *countenance*. If he deals with men 'tis when he takes them napping in a old *monument*, then down goes *duſt* & *aſhes*: & the ſtouteſt *cavaleer* is no better. *O brave Oliver! Times voider, ſubſizer* to the *worms*: in whom *death* who formerly devoured our Anceſtors, now chews the cud. He ſaid grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marqueſs of *Newcaſtle*. nay, & the diurnal gave you his bil of fare; but it proved a running banquet, as appears by the ſtory. Believe him as he whiſtle to his *cambridge teem of committee-men*, & he doth wonders. but *holy men* (like the *holy language*) *muſt* be read backwards. They rifle *colledges* to promote Learning, and pull down *churches* for *edificatiõ* but ſacriledge is *intailed* upon him: there muſt be a *cromwel* for *cathedrals*, as well as *Abbeys*: a ſecure ſin whoſe offence carrys its pardon in its mouth: for how can he be *hanged* for *church-robbery*, wch gives it ſelf the *benifit* of the *clergy*

But for all *cromwels* Noſe wears the *Dominical letter*, compared to *Mancheſter*, he is but like the *vigils* to an *holy-day*, This, this is the man of God; ſo ſanctified a *Thunderbolt*. that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of Hoſts*, would ſtyle him the *Archangell* giving battell to the *Devill*.

Indeed as the *angels*, each of them maked a ſeveral *ſpecies* ſo every one of his *ſouldiers* is a diſtinct *church*. Had theſe beaſts been to enter into the Ark, it would have puzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of ſand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an *aſſociation*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *adamites* in underſtanding. It is the ſigne of a *coward* to wink and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds: it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocall gene-

generation: for the Devill in the father, is turned Monk in the ſon: ſo his godlineſſe is of the ſame parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad manners, & would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother Univerſity; & (if this Scotch miſt further prevaile) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrell to both, becauſe both are ſtrong with the ſame *optique nerve, knowing Layalty.* Barbarous rebel! who wil be revenged upon al learning, becauſe his treaſon is beyond the mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall* as yet hath not talkt much of Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwaies beat the Gyant: that's reſolv'd. If any thing fall out amiſs, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-toes; ſuch ſniveling cowards, that it is a favour to call them ſo. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he reſembled the *Beaſt*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible ſlaughter-man at a thanks giving dinner: had he been *Canniball*, to have eaten thoſe that he vanquiſh't, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greateſt wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his perſonall, but (as the *State-Sophies* diſtinguiſh) in his politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the houſe he ſate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Caira*, by the adoption of an Oven:

There is the *Wood-monger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cauſe; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation.*

And now I ſpeak of Reformation, *voux avez Fox*, the Tinker, the livelieſt embleme of it that may be, For what did this Parliament ever goe about to Reforme, but Tinker-wiſe, in mending one hole they made three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ringworms of the State.

I will cloſe up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall Combat of *Apuleius*, who thinking he had ſlain all three of his Enemies, found them at laſt but a Trium vitate of Bladders. Such and ſo empty at the triumphs of a *Diurnall*; but ſo many impoſthumated Fancies, ſo many bladders of their owne blowing.

The Character of a Country Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his name ſhould be on that is poſſeſſed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epither for Legion; he is *perſona in concerto* (to borrow the ſoleciſm of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, & ſpeak as properly, enter ſeaven devils *ſolus*: It is a wel-truſs'd taile, that contains both the number & the Beaſt For a Committee-man is a Noun of multitude; he muſt be ſpelled with figures, like Antichriſt wrapped in a pair royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as monſtrous as the Man a compleat notion of the ſame lineage with accumuiative treaſon: For his office is the Heptarchy, or *Englands* Fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is greater; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fate; the Pope and he rings the change; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, & there is a harmony in diſcord, the tripe headed turn-key of Heaven with the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out-bulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant: There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the croſſe, there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome Prayes backward, & with a kind of *Rebus*, at every curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *Charles* be waved, whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* then a Committee.

thittee. There is leſſe execution by a ſingle bullet, then by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committe-man is a party colour'd officer, he muſt be drawn like *Ianus* with Croſſe and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the ſouldiers, or face about, to his fleecing, the Country look upon him martially, and he is a Juſtice of War; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his lay elders, he ſhares in the Government, though a non-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Secretary in armes, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a fluttering in diſcourſe but proves Haggard in the action: he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock: it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and ſuch indeed he makes it) to him, when ſo tame a pigeon may converſe with Vulters. Me thinks a Comittee hanging about a governour, & bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram reſemblance: there is no Sintax between a Cap of maintenance & a Helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left handed Garriſon where their authority perces, but the more prepoſterous, the more in faſhion: the right hand fights, while the left rules the reines. The truth is, the ſouldier & the gentlemen are like *Don Quixot* & *Sam ha Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchaſe the other the Government of the Iſland. A Committee-man properly ſhould be the Governours Mattroſſe to fit his truckle, and to new ſtring him with ſinews of War for his chief uſe, to raiſe Aſſeſſements in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country people being like an Iriſh Cow, that will not give down her milk unleſſe ſhe ſee her calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garriſons dry Nurſe, he chews their contribution before he feeds them: ſo the poore ſouldiers live like *Trochins*, by picking the teeth of this ſacred Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunicion face, which is ſo preternatural, that it is rather a vizard than a face *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aſpect, his *face of armes* is like his *Coat, parhe per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman much of a ſcantling

Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a ſqueezing look, like that of *Veſpaſianus*, as if he were breding over a cloſe-ſtool,

Take him thus, and he is in the Inquiſition of the purſe an Authenticke Gypſie, that nips your bung with a canting ordinance; not a murthered fortune in all the *Country*, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the ſpleen of the body Politick, that ſwels it ſelf to the conſumption of the whole: At firſt indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but ſince he hath got off his Cope, he ſet up for himſelfe, he lives upon the ſins of the People, and that is a good ſtanding diſh too, he verifies the Axiom, *Iiſdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is ſuitable to his conſtitution. I have wondered often why the plundred Country-Men ſhould repair to him for ſuccour, certainly it is under the ſame notion as one whoſe pockets are pickt goes to *Mol cut-purſe*, as the predominant in that faculty.

He out dives a Dutchman: gets a Noble of him that was never worth 6^d^ for the pooreſt do not eſcape, but Dutch like, he will be dreyning even in the dryeſt ground; he aliens a delinquent eſtate with as little remorſe, as his other holineſſe gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, & for the truth of the delinquency, both Chapmen have as little ſhare of infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commiſſion; for thoſe Courts are not extinct, they ſurvive in him, like Dollars changed into ſingle money. To ſpeak the truth he is the univerſall Tribunall: for ſince theſe times all cauſes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection, all diſeaſes turn oft to the Plague. It concerns our maſters the *Parl.* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the Pike; as the Intereſt often eats out the Principall. As his commands are great, ſo he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hate, and to ſay right is due: but by the ſame title as the upper garment is the vails of the executioner. There was a time when ſuch Cattell would hardly have been taken upon ſuſpition for men in office, unleſſe the old proverb were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, and thoſe their Wardens. You may ſee what it is to hang together, look upon them ſeverally, & you cannot but fumble for ſome threds of charity. But oh they are Tarmagants in Conjunction! like Fidlers, who

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are rogues when they go ſingle, and joyned in conſort, gentlemen Muſitioners. I care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him the receit of this grand Catholicon.

Take a State Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Fxciſe of his ears, ſo ſuffered captivity by the Land Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Free-holder, one that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman, tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of delveing *Adam*. Adde to theſe a mortified Bankrup, that helps out his falſe weights with ſome ſcruples of Conſcience, & with his peremptory ſcales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekell*. Theſe with a new blew ſtockin'd Juſtice, lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort handed Clerk, tackt to the Rear of him to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three equivocall Sirs, whoſe Religion like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpirituall, becauſe they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the *Hogon* to the ſincere Juncto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch hotch potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a ſetter highr, a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, where he treads, the graſſe groes no more. He is the Stars Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publique, but feeds himſelfe; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the ſigne with him is alwayes in the clutches. There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſitians do not apply him to the ſoules of the feet in a deſperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons; I hope ſome Mountebank will ſl'ce him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the Difference, one applauds the grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could I verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane viſage. Death it ſelfe cannot quit ſcores with him; like the Demoniack in the Goſpell, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy

water ſhed by Widdows and Orphans, a ſufficient Exorciſme to diſpoſſeſs him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the fiend, your blood; Nor can the brother-hood of witch-finders, ſo lagely inſtituted with all their terror, wean the familiars.

But once more to ſingle out my imboſt Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the whithers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the ſpung weeps out the moiſture which he ſoak'd before, or elſe he meets his paſſing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garriſon; For the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuccow, till he miſtakes his commons and bites off her head. Whatever it is, it is within his deſert: for what is obſerved of ſome creatures, that at the ſame time they trade in productions three ſtories high, ſuckling the firſt big with the ſecond, and clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is the counterpoint, his miſchiefe is ſuperfatation, a certain ſeal of deſtruction; for he ruines the Father, beggers the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all poſterity.

A Letter to a Friend, Diſſwading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

THough no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on thore, and give you poſſeſſion of this breaſt, yet I know not whether with the uſuall complement, I may welcome you home, as doubting your Country may have mew'd that relation in ſo long an abſence, ſhe having expos'd her noble iſſue, being conviction enough to make you diſclaim her beſides, there is ſuch a new face of things ſince your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now the Kingdoms, *To be a ſtranger at home*; inſomuch, as were you deſigned for a ſecond journey, it might be part of your buſineſſe to travell other Countries in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an alien in her looks, that moſt of her Off-ſpring dare not aske her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizon of here late, you would think her to be ſome floating Iſland, that had made a voyage only to truck for an outlandiſh viſage. Some, who have ſpelled her Lineaments, ſay ſhe copies out

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the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to inſtance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking glaſſe, where inſtead of one face, that Monarch-like, ſhould repreſent the whole, you may ſee variety of leſſer ones glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreiner ſhe is, and her complexion borrowed; ſo that as our new Philoſophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of the State of ours, and the Royall traine that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its ſetled poſture, there is no deſection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandon'd it ſelf in this caſe, though it be a fallacy in the ſence, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might reverſe your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly conferms them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations: for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoile, but by way of repriſal you tooke in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a victorious induſtry make them pay tribute to your underſtanding; not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who returne ſo empty and without their errand, as if their travell, like witches in the aire, were nothing but the waſtage of a deluded fantaſy, perſwading themſelves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they ſayl by is nothing elſe but a ſlumbering impoſture. But me thinkes we are to grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and preſume to tell you that in all your Erranry, there is no Aduenture ſo much affects me, as that of a *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it ſelfe were more exotick, or the forme of accoſting it: For although it be naturall for Jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Miſtreſſe fanc'd with a port-cullice, or an amorous viſit manag'd with the caution, which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an enterview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be term'd *Cupids* barriers, breathing exerciſe rather then a combat

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where the dallying Champions have a rayl to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt Had your old romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the brandiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from her inchanted curance; nor had you been leſſe concerned in the reſcue, than the fair Recluſe; for who, that blows ſhort, in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience ſhould be ſever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himſelf, like another St. *Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how cuſtoms vary with the clime; as there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another by putting off their ſhooes in ſtead of their hats, ſo it ſeemes where you have been, there is as different a forme of impriſonment: the Priſoner is at large and without the grate wiſhing for admittance, and ſhe, at whoſe ſuit his ſoul is arreſted, cloſe clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate thoſe *Chryſoſtom* lovers called *Platonicks*, had their firſt training, thoſe queaſie gamſters that dyet themſelves with the very notion of mingling ſoules, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kiſſing of hands, twiſting of eye beams. For your part Sir, you are none of thoſe puling ſtomacks, you haue an appetite for a whole Cloyſter. It is but trifling ſports for you to pull downe the Out-lier unleſſe you leap the pale, and let ſlip at the herd. I wonder what exorciſme the Abbeſſe uſed to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had ſhe not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in ſober ſadneſſe why a *Nunn*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that ſolitary creek! Princes ſeldome treat of Matches but in forrein Dominions, your affection takes greater ſtate as fixing upon one of another world; had your paſſion been centred on the beauty of her ſoul, I had looked upon it as the act of your converſion, ſuch a love might juſtly have been Chriſtened by the name of Zeale, being ſetled on a Perſon, on whom to be enamoured is in a ſort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not ſome who ſuſpect your Religion, leſt equivocating from the beauty of her perſon, to that of her profeſſion, you ſhould turn Monaſtick. Others, who are better acquainted with the

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warmth of your temper, are rather ſolitious for the Church in generall, for fear leaſt with *Luther* you ſhould marry a *Nunn*, and ſo with him to make her a Joincture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, conſider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is ſo ſpent in new inventions, that for want of gaine, even ruſt and rottenneſſe are flouriſhed over with a ſeeming verdue? Not one of all thoſe beldam hereſies, that did pennace formerly by the doom of the Ancients but hath caſt her skin ſince theſe confuſions, and giveth her ſelfe out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may ſpare this Piece of counſell: I dare be your compurgator for medling with Religion. That which fitted your ſpirits, was the ambition of the enterprize: nor could you entertain a more aſpiring frenzey, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? by what Liturgie did you frame your Courtſhip? Laick applications are here ſcandalous, nor wil it avail to ſay you languiſh without her compaſſion: A ſenſual man is able to vitiate the veſtall flame even by his matyredome. Other lovers, in the jollitie of their troop, are to canonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them, will you run counter to that conſecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addreſſes If you have no room in your Calender for perſons upon earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of Heaven, as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition, were with our moderne Reformers to bow it into Atheiſme. Let me adviſe you Sir, to retrieve your ſelfe backe from this carnall ſacrilcdge. Catch not at *Heroſtratus* his fame, by ſetting fire on the Temple; and diſpute not a ſhape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond fall of Angels: Nay, never ſtart Sir nor look about at the expreſſion; for I perſwade my ſelfe, that thoſe Divines, who allot to each of us a Tuteler Angell for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in ſuch a perſon how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phant'ſie ſuggeſted upon this ſubject, I would mould into Number; but I muſt

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beg your pardons, it being a requeſt with which to comply were to be your fellow criminall, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muſe is vowed and yeild too, ſhe is ſet a part for the ſervice of my Miſtreſſe, and what is that, but even true Religion. The truth is, ſhe is ſo charily confined to that ſole imployment, that ſhould I in verſe attempt to yeild you an accompt, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a diſtick, whereas in tranſitory proſe, were I a Maſter of all, thoſe languages, which I make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your travels, I ſhould hold them all too few to give you ſufficient aſſurance that I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithfull

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough I have no reaſon to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garr ſon, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my ſervant entred your Arke, and with him of my moneys 133-0-8. this preciſe ſum I was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your wiſedome might owne the monies, though your honeſties could hardly allow the act. Which if ſo, and that hereafter we ſhall finde it no ſinne to violate your ſanctuary, and upon the audit find the receipt, we may happily count it a loan, and not a loſſe, it being in the hands reſponſable for greater matters: and now Sir, let me ſpeak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his juſt reward, prefer him, or ſend him hither, and we ſhall; If you dare not truſt him, let him be truſted if you dare: I ſhall wiſh you more ſuch ſervants, and for that onely reaſon excuſe me for the preſent, that I dare not ſay I am yours:

W. E.

SIxtly, beloved is it ſo, that our brother and fellow-labourer in the Goſpel is ſtart aſide? then this may ſerve for an uſe of inſtruction, not to truſt in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*; Did not *Oneſimus* run from his maſter *Philemon*? Alſo this ſhould teach us to imply our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Caviliers, it had been juſt, then the Iſraelite had ſpoiled the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, than---that! You ſee what uſe Sir, I make of your doctrine you ſent to me, and indeed ſince you change ſtile ſo far as to nibble at Wit, you muſt pardon it to quit ſcores; I pretend a little to a gift in preaching. Sir I expect to heare from you in the phraſe of the loſt Groat, and the prodigall Son, and ſuch a *tantum* of language, but I perceive your communication is not alwayes. Yea, yea, now and then a little harlottry Rhetorich: you ſay that your man is entred our Ark, I am ſorry you are ſo ignorant in Scripture as to let him come ſingle. The text had been better ſatisfied, if you had pleaſed to beare him company, for then the beaſts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it ſeems, a 133-0 8. ſure the hugh and cry had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe before it had reached the 8. Thus is the ſum, but why you call it the preciſe ſum, ſince it is fallen away, I underſtand not: but how came you to reckon ſo punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table Dormant? What y'are of the perſecution of the ſaints? I wonder you did not rather count it by the ſheckls that is more ſanctified coyn. I take it you are miſtaken in the ſanctuary you ſpake of. For that which your man hath taken is *Welbeck* one of our Chappels of eaſe, not the Mother Church, our Garriſon of *Newarke*. But the beſt is, they are both without the reach of your ſacriledge. Whereas you count the loſſe but a loan, we ſhall grant as a debt, but bearing the ſame date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick faith. I ſuſpect your hand was troubled with the Palſey, when you wrote of a Judge: your man however ſhall find me an advocate, ſo what ſay you to an occaſionall meditation

ſation? Reflect but on your ſelf, how you have uſed our common maſter, and I doubt not, but then you will pardon your man, he hath but tranſcribed & copied out the diſloyalty of his maſter, as his fraternity had taught him: and to conclude with your own; I wiſh you more ſuch ſervants: and more ſuch ſums, to be derived to their proper channel, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

SIR,

HAd not indulgent mercy proved for troubled ſpirits ſacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of laughter? how eaſily had the expence of your wit been truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell. I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not ſafe nibling there; you ſee what doctrine I make of your uſe. But yet ſo far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare not under take, like a mighty Coloſſe (whoſe every motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devour indigeſted lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morſell, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inckle by the yard, all in Characters, and by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I will allow you the gift in preaching. Pitty it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavory leſſons, wholſome inſtructions, even ſo many pious collections, as might worthily have intituled you to the comfortable ſubſiſtance of a well-gleb'd Vicaridge, beſides the advantage of a wife, which would require another wit, to tell how great ſuch a divine knowledge, as might enable you to prophaine every leaf of holy Writ, unknown ſanctity, and a conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch: Pitty it is ſuch accompliſhed gifts, and prodigious Parts ſhould be miſimploy'd in ſecular affaires, ſuch an holy father might have begot as many babes for the Mother Church of *Newark*, as your party haty of late done Garriſons, and converted as many ſouls as *Chaucers* Fryer, with the ſhoulder bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay you expected: I thought you had had more then you expected: but however you expected penitential language, and humble ſtile. The groat I will not medle with 'tis holy coyn,

an

an addreſſe full of complaints. Sir, we (like your ſelves) can ſpeake big of your loſſes, and yet with more ingenuity confeſſe them; though I for modeſty will not aske you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King, but of that--for that preciſe ſum, I ſee you are willing to quarrel at preciſeneſſe, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very---- How you quarrell at your good, had you miſtaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eaſed him of his pottage before he arrived at our Chappell of eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his forwardneſſe, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majeſties good Garriſon of *Newark*: I ſhould have liked the ſecurity well, and when your works had failed to ſave you, expected a returne upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophaneneſſe can compact with mudde to caſt up a trench of ſecurity, attempt not though a Gyant, to reach at ſtars, to throw that Proverb at you.

Be wiſe on this ſide Heaven.

The Anſwer.

THe Phyloſopher, that never laughed but once, when he ſaw an Aſſe mumbling of thiſtles, would have broke his ſpleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, obſerving how gingerly, and with what cautian you nibble at my Letter, leaſt it ſhould prick your chops. But ſomething muſt needs be repli'd. Repetitions are uſual with the Saints at *Grantham*, I look upon your letter as a ſpittle ſermon, where I perceive your ambition, how you would prove your ſelfe a clean beaſt, becauſe you know how to chew the cud: For the firſt ſentance, where you ſpeak of troubled ſpirits, & ſacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll commons* extaſie, certainely your ſpirit is troubled, elſe your expreſſions had not run ſo muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous if poſſible, to be reconciled to ſence. The wit which you ſay may be truſſed up in an egg-ſhel, I fear your oval crown hath ſcarce capacity,

capacity, to contain: you diſclaime being a Coloſſe content, I have as diminutive thoughts of you as you pleaſe. I take you for a Jact of Lent, and my pen ſhall make of you accordingly, three throwis for a penny, But you coannot *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable comodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the Pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull ſheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is, you jeſt in your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will cleave its impreſſion; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglars, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dilact, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſſe you play *preſto be gon*, your run-away King may cauſe you Juglers wife to diſgorge your fate, and vomit a rope in ſtead of Inkle. But to echo your compaſſion, and return you an inventory of your good party, is it not pitty the pure extract of ſanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipking of predeſt nation, and ſince well read in the ſick mans ſalve, and crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in divinity, Is it not pitty ſuch a pious gogle ar the eye, ſuch a melodious twang at the noſe, ſuch a ſplay mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, beſides the cheverall lungs which ſtill ſtretch forth ſo far as a ſeventeenthly; Is it not pitty theſe gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might juſtly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Dioceſſe as that of Hidebery, that thoſe ineffable parts that paſſe all underſtanding, ſhould thus be ſequeſtred from the primitive uſe, and of a godly Lance preſade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, ſuch a walking Directory, ſuch a zealous *Roger* as this might have ſaved more ſouls than ever *Sampſon* ſlew, and with the ſame Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Aſſe: your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground; and the holy coyn with a ſqueamiſh preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hothem's* barn is not as good a Congregation as Saint *Paul's*; for the holy coyn, you muſt pardon me if I ſuſpect the chaſtity of your fingers, I am ſure thoſe of your party have been troubled with fellons,

fellons, witneſſe the Church-reveneues, and ſeverall ſacriledges that cannot be pared off with your nailes; But there is another reaſon why I abſtaine from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to receive your money, but verily, verily, never ſprings the partridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the ſtile alters, the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Phariſees, and here he muſt paſſe for a Publican and ſinner. Sir, we caſt up no trench of ſecurity, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be ſaved by our works, for all the ſtrength of your Faith, whereby you hold your ſelves able to remove mountaines: for your advice, not to throw ſtars at your head. I imbrace it, for what need I, as long as there is gooſ-ſhot to be had for money, my wit ſhall be on what ſide heaven you pleaſe, provided it be alwayes antartick to yours: for the appellation of Gyant I accept it, onely I am ſorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might ſo often ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

Your ſervant,

Jo: Cl.

FINIS.

THE *CHARACTER* OF A *DIURNAL-MAKER.*

A *DIURNAL-Maker* is the Sub-almoner of History, Queene *Mabbs* Regiſter; one, whom by the ſame figure that a North-Country Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may ſtyle an Author: It is the like over-reach of language, when every thin tinder-cloaked Quack muſt be call'd a

Doctor; when a Clumsy Cobler usurps the attribute of our English Peeres, and is vamp'd a Translator, list him a Writer and you smother *Geoffry* in swabber-slops, the very name of *Dabbler* over-sets him, he is swallowed up in the praise like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Saddle, nothing to be seene but the giddy Feather in his Crowne. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithet; like the little *Nergo* mounted on the Elephant, just such another blot-rampant. He has not stuffings sufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old-wives skin, when the flesh hath forsaken her, lank and loose. Hee defames a good title as well as most of our moderne Noble-men, those Wennes of greatnesse, the body politicks most peccant humours, blistred into Lords. Hee hath so raw-bon'd

a Being

a Being, that however you render him, he rubbes it out, and makes ragges of the expreſſion. The ſilly Country-man (who ſeeing an Ape in a ſcarlet coat, bleſt his young worſhip, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his houſe) did not ſlander his Complement with worſe application, than he that names this ſhred an Hiſtorian. To call him an Hiſtorian, is to Knight a Man-drake, 'tis to view him through a preſpective, and by that groſſe Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer, to a maker of Mouſe-traps. Such an Hiſtorian would hardly paſs muſter with a Scotch Stationer in a ſieve full of Ballads and godly Books. He would not ſerve for the breaſt plate of a begging Græcian. The moſt crampt *Compendium* that the age hath ſeene ſince all learning was torne into ends, out-ſtrips him by the head: I have

heard of puppets that could prattle in a Play, but never ſaw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children, they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a Rat, which ſome imagine to be the Off-ſpring of the Stooves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Preſſe, but it ſeemes much after that faſhion, elſe how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer, when thoſe weekly fragments ſhall paſſe for Hiſtory? let the poore mans box be entituled the Exchequer, and the almes-basket a Magazine. Not a worme that gnaws on the dull ſcalpe of voluminous *Hollinſhed*, but at every meale devoured more Cronicle, than his Tribe amounts to. A marginall note of *William Prinne* would ſerve for a winding ſheet for that mans workes, like

like thick skinn'd fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cooke, who ſerv'd up the Dwarf in a Pye, (to containe the frolique) might have lapp'd up ſuch an Hiſtorian as this in the bill of fate. He is the firſt tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dip't as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack wellwiller. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphleteere, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a Hiſtory, ſlink'd before maturity. How ſhould hee record the iſſues of time, who is himſelfe an Abortive? I will not ſay but he may paſs for a hiſtorian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of ſize of thoſe knot-graſſe Profeſſors; What a pitifull Seminary was there projected yet ſuitable enough to the preſent Univerſity's, thoſe drye Nurſes which the providence of the

age has so fully reform'd that they are turn'd Reformados. But that's no matter, the meaner the better. It is a maxime observable in these dayes, that the onely way to win the game is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of History, and some yawnings accordingly: Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian, so 'tis his infirmity that makes him an Author. As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling-sickness to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer, who filed a chaine so thinne and light that a flea could traile it, (as if he had worked short hand, and taught his tooles to cipher) did but contrive an Embleme for this skip-jack, and his slight productions.

Methinks the *Turk* should licence Diurnals, because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnals

nals is a wardrobe of frippery, 'tis a juſt Idea of a Limbo of the Infants. I ſaw one once that could write with his toes, by the ſame token I could have wiſhed he had worne his copies for ſocks, 'tis he without doubt from whom the Diurnals derive their pedegree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being ſhufled out at the beds feet of Hiſtory. To what infinite numbers an Hiſtorian would multiply, ſhould he crumble into Elves of this profeſſion? *Legion'd Pimme*, whoſe fleſh bred ſuch a world of Executors, as being made of the row of a Herring, of nothing elſe but compacted Nits, did not disband his body in more variety. To ſupply this ſmalneſſe they are fain to joyn forces, ſo they are not ſingly, but as the cuſtome is in a croaking Committee; they tug at the Pen, like ſlaves at the Oare, a whole bank together, they write in the poſture

ſuite that the *Swedes* gave fire in, over one anothers heads. It is ſaid there is more of them go to a ſuit of Cloaths, than to a *Britannicus*; In this Poligamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine whoſe iſſue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiſſe to take a particular how he is accoutred, and ſo do by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-ey'd mare, or the crop fleabitten; give you the markes of the Beaſt. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap ſhould make Affidabit, that the braine was pregnant. To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lye in ſo dully; in her white formallityes, ſure ſhe hath hard labour; for the browes have ſqueezed for it, as you may perceive by his butter'd bongrace, that film of a dimicaſter, 'tis ſo thin and unctuous, that the Sunbe-ms

beams miſtake it for a vapour; and are like to cap him; ſo 'tis right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the ſhine, and flaps in the ſhade, What ever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his eares; there's no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; thoſe of all Lungs are no more fit for that ſmall Noddle of the circumciſion, than braſſe boſſes for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzling newtrality is the poor ſoule that moves betwixt two ſuch ponderous byaſſes. His coller is wedged with a peece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *band*, 'tis the forlorne of his ſhirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it were time that his ſhirt were jogging, for it has ſerv'd an apprentiſhip and (as prentices uſe) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect 'tis marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week ſets up for it ſelfe in the ſhape of a *Pamphle*. His *gloves* are the ſhavings

of

of his hands, for he caſts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the itch repreſents the broken ſeales. His Boores are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawn'd the ſilver that the Jacks were tipt with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hoſe-tops. For the reſt of his habit, he is a perfect Seaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hang'd about with his courſe compoſition, thoſe pole-dames papers.

But I muſt draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnall-maker*, as with him that reads on a begg'd Malefactor; my ſubject ſmels before I have gone halfe thorow him: for a parting blow, then, the word *Hiſtorian* imports a ſage and ſolemn Author, one that curls his brow with a ſullein gravity, like a Bull-necked Presbiter, ſince the

the Army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like ſweeps his breaſt with a reverend beard, full of native moſſe-troopers. Not ſuch a ſquirting ſcribe as this that's troubled with the Rickets; and makes penny worths of Hiſtory. The Colledge-Treaſury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, ſhut up there in a melancholly ſolitude, like one that is kept to keepe poſſeſſion, had as good evidence to ſhew for his title, as he for an Hiſtorian ſo if hee needes will be a Hiſtorian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning, an Hiſtorian Scot. Now a Scotch-mans tongue runnes high *Fullam's*, their is a Cheat in his Ideome; for the ſenſe ebbes from the bold expreſſion, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *halfe a pinte*. In ſumme,

a *Diur-*

a *Diurnall*-maker is the antemark of an Hiſtorian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man or (if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberiſh) as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holderforth*.

FINIS.